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VOL. XL. No. 1.

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PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. OVERTURE to Goethe's Egmont, in F Minor, Op. 84. Beethoven.
2. AIR, "The Captive." Berlioz. Miss ITA WELSH.
3. SYMPHONY, in F Major, Op. 9. Hermann Goetz. (Born 1840, died 1876.)

Allegro moderato. — Intermezzo, Allegretto. — Adagio ma non troppo lento. — Allegro con fuoco.

PART II.

1. ANDANTE with Variations and Minuet from the Divertiment in D (string orchestra and two Horns). Mozart.
2. AIR, "Vol, che sapete," from Figaro. Mozart. Miss ITA WELSH.
3. OVERTURE to Euryanthe, in E Flat. Von Weber.

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Calendar of the Musical Season.

JANUARY, 1880.

7. Second Chamber Concert of the Euterpe. Mendelssohn Quintette Club.
8. Second University Concert at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. Boston Philharmonic Orchestra.
13. Rafael Joseffy, with Philharmonic Orchestra.
15. (At 3 P. M.) Third Harvard Symphony Concert. Carl Zerrahn, conductor.
16. Second Joseffy Concert, with Philharmonic Orchestra.
17. (Afternoon.) Third Joseffy Concert, with Philharmonic Orchestra.
21. Second Concert of the Boylston Club. Geo. L. Osgood, conductor.
29. (At 3 P. M.) Fourth Harvard Symphony Concert.
30. (At 3.30 P. M.) Mr. Perabo's First Concert.

FEBRUARY.

3. (At 3.30 P. M.) Mr. Perabo's Second Concert.
4. Second Concert of Mme. Cappiani and her pupils.
5. Third Concert at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. Boston Philharmonic Orchestra.
6. (At 3.30 P. M.) Mr. Perabo's Third Concert.
9. Second Concert of the Cecilia.
11. Third Chamber Concert of the Euterpe. New York Philharmonic Club.
12. (At 3 P. M.) Fifth Harvard Symphony Concert.
21. Second Concert of the Apollo Club.
24. Repetition of Second Apollo Club Concert.
26. (At 3 P. M.) Sixth Symphony Concert of the Harvard Musical Association.
26. (Evening) Fourth Concert at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. Boston Philharmonic Orchestra.

MARCH.

8. (Evening) Mr. Perabo's Fourth Concert.
- Home Opera, for two weeks, at the Globe, C. R. Adams, Director.
10. Fourth Chamber Concert of the Euterpe. New York Philharmonic Club.
11. (At 3 P. M.) Seventh Harvard Symphony Concert.
17. Third Concert of the Boylston Club.
18. Fifth and Last University Concert at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge. Boston Philharmonic Orchestra.
25. (At 3 P. M.) Eighth and Last Harvard Symphony Concert.
28. Third and Last Oratorio performance of the Handel and Haydn Society. "Israel in Egypt."

APRIL.

7. Third Concert of Mme. Cappiani and her pupils.
14. Fifth and Last Chamber Concert of the Euterpe. Beethoven Quintette Club.
- Annual Benefit Concert of Mr. A. P. Peck. Theodore Thomas and Orchestra. (Date not yet fixed.)

MAY.

- 1-7. Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.
12. Third Concert of the Apollo Club.
17. Repetition of Third Apollo Club Concert.
19. Fourth Concert of the Boylston Club.
26. Fourth Concert of Mme. Cappiani and her pupils.

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WHAT IS THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF UNITY BETWEEN THE DIFFERENT MOVEMENTS OF A SONATA?

UNITY is a conspicuous trait of the Beethoven Sonatas. It extends not only through each separate movement considered by itself, but through the entire group of the three or four movements constituting the Sonata form. Let any one who is familiar with all the Sonatas, and in sympathy with them, ask himself whether a movement might not be transplanted from one Sonata to another of similar key without impairing the effect. Doubtless there are young musicians ready to assure me that this is quite possible, and that in some cases it might be done even with improved effect. But older musicians will universally dissent, I fancy. The *Adagio* of the *Sonata pathétique* belongs there, and in no other Sonata. Transplant it to the Sonata in C minor, Op. 10, or to the Op. 111, and it would be shockingly out of place. Again, play this very *Adagio* alone, and it produces a delightful effect, to be sure. But play it in connection with the tumultuous *Allegro* before it, and how much more beautiful it becomes! Some of this added beauty is derived from the contrast the slow movement then makes with the one before it, — a contrast, if possible, greater in the spirit of it than in the outer written form. Contrast is an essential element of the beautiful in music, because music is emotional.

The unity of each separate movement within itself we may easily understand. It lies in the preponderance of a leading motive, the succession of tonality, and the rhythmic balancing of the leading subject and episodes. But to find the source of unity between two movements not structurally related, and of different key and tempo, is not so easy. I have often sought for it in vain, and have often asked older and wiser musicians; but here their wisdom failed them. I was told that it is an ideal unity. Now what, I ask, is an ideal unity between two discourses apparently in different keys and with entirely different subjects? Is there, or can there be, an ideal unity without somewhere a physical basis? Remember that thought implies brain; nutrition implies digestion and absorption; all our moral ideas, nay, all the words we use to tell them with, are raised up out of the domain of the physical. And so I have always felt that there must somewhere be a physical basis of the unity of the different tempos of a Sonata.

This basis I think I recently stumbled on. It is in a stable of unit rhythmical pulsation running through all the movements of a Sonata, so that the entire Sonata may be ar-

tistically played with the metronome at the same figure (in-so-far, that is, as even a single movement can be artistically played by metronome). Yet this parenthetical reservation is by no means so serious as the casual reader would suppose, for a Sonata can be played with very fair effect at a uniform tempo, with only the *rubatos* that can be made within the measure.

Properly speaking, the unity of a movement lies equally in two elements: the *movement* or rate and manner of going, and the subject-matter. In a Sonata-piece there are at least three quite well defined ideas; and sometimes, as in the first movement of the *Sonata appassionata*, four. These are in different keys and totally unlike. They are held together by the uniform rhythmic pulsation in all of them, and by the sequence and comprehension of their tonality. They work together to leave upon the competent hearer a feeling of satisfaction, as from agreeable and coherent discourse.

This impression rests, much more than commonly supposed, in the uniform rhythmic pulsation. This we may immediately realize when we reflect how a decided change in the speed at the entrance of the second subject, as in the principal movement of a Sonata, impairs the unity. It may intensify the dramatic expression, but it certainly impairs the unity.

The tempo changes. An entirely new movement begins. Thus, for example, in Beethoven's first Sonata (F minor, Op. 2), we begin *Allegro* in F minor, 2-2 (half-note = 104, Czerny's tempos). It changes to *Adagio* 3-4 in F major; Czerny's tempo is eighth = 80. This, again, changes to *Menuetto* in F minor, 3-4 dotted half = 69. This again to *Prestissimo* 2-2, half = 104. We see here no stable rhythmic unit, except between the first movement and the last. There we stumble on one of the curiosities of tempo. In the first it is, 2-2 half = 104, *Allegro*; in the last the very same, but *Prestissimo*. Why? Because in the *Allegro* the fastest motion is of eighths, and the leading motion is of quarters. In the latter the motion is eighth triplets, that is at the rate of 624 notes in a minute instead of 416. This tempo is very fast. The *Adagio* in no way agrees with it. If, however, we take the metronome at 52 it will give us whole measures in the first movement, and quarter-notes in the second, and at this speed the second movement is very satisfactory. The *Menuetto* then follows at the same rate (the beats being measures again) with good effect. The finale as before. My pressure on the Czerny tempos may be excepted to, and perhaps ought to be. But to me the *Adagio* comes more satisfactorily when it preserves a definite ratio to the first movement. By making it very slightly slower, as 92 for eighths, the repose of it may be intensified. The beautiful Sonata in C, Op. 2, goes very well on the same plan. The metronome beats at 80 (Czerny), which gives half-notes in the first, eighths for the second, measures for the third and fourth. This tempo for the finale is extremely rapid. Czerny gives 58.

The Sonata in E-flat, Op. 7, sounds not badly at the rate of 60. This gives measures for the first movement, eighths for the

second, two measures for the third, and half-measures for the finale. Czerny's marks are (on the same basis) 58, 80, 72 (measures), and 60. My theory agrees with his beginning and ending. He takes the "*Largo, con gran espressione*" much faster than I propose; and the *Allegro*, 3-4, much slower, and, in fact, as it seems to me, too slow. But it does not invalidate my theory of a basis of unity, if the tempos are locally varied by a small degree (imperceptible in hearing, except in an impression of greater or less repose). My tempo gives in the first movement 360 notes a minute, in the second at the sixteenth note motion 120; in the third 360, and at times (as also in the first movement) 720. The finale gives only 240 notes in a minute — hence the *Allegretto*.

Czerny's marks for *Sonata Pathétique*, if I have them correctly copied, are curious. They are for the Grave, "eighth = 92;" *Allegro*, "half = 144;" *Adagio*, "eighth = 54;" *Rondo*, "half = 96." Bülow, on the other hand, requires a sixteenth in the Grave to have the same time as a half in the *Allegro*. Czerny's *Adagio* is entirely too slow.

Taking 60 for the pulsation, it gives us eighths in the Grave, whole measures in the *Allegro*, eighths in the *Adagio*, and whole measures in the *Rondo*. In this way the two *Allegros* correspond with their 480 notes in a minute, and the slow movements agree in having but 120 to 180.

So, also, Czerny gives for the first two tempos of the Sonata in E, Op. 14, for the *Allegro*, "half = 66;" for the *Allegretto*, "dotted half = 69." The *Rondo* is "tempo comodo," and easily enough agrees with the first movement, although I have n't the figures here. This uniformity obtains where I did not expect it. Thus, for example, Czerny marks the Sonata in E-flat, Op. 27, No. 1, *Andante*, "quarter = 66;" *Allegro*, "dotted quarter = 104" (disagreement); *Allegro*, "dotted half = 112;" *Adagio*, "eighth = 66;" *Finale*, "quarter = 132," or half = 66. Thus in this *quasi Fantasia* we have three of the five movements on a common unit of pulsation. The tempos of the "Moonlight" Sonata I neglected to copy. In the *Appassionata* Bülow gives *Allegro*, "dotted quarter = 126;" *Andante*, "eighth = 108;" *Allegro, ma non troppo*, "quarter = 132." So, also, in the apparently loosely connected but lively Sonata in A-flat, Op. 110, Czerny gives, *Moderato*, "quarter = 76;" *Allegro molto*, "dotted half = 120;" *Adagio*, "eighth = 66;" *Fuga*, "dotted quarter = 100." Bülow gives 69, 126 (= 63), 63, and 69. In the grand Opus 111, Czerny gives, "eighth = 108," "quarter = 132," and for the *Arietta* "dotted quarter = 63." Bülow's tempos are, "quarter = 52," "half = 66," and "dotted eighth = 48," which indicates a remarkably close correspondence, capable of being made yet closer without detriment, by taking the *Arietta* at 52, which perhaps improves it.

I have thus gone into the question at some length, for the ground was new and interesting to me. Perhaps it may be old to my readers. The real test of it, of course, is to be made by artists.

Is there a physical basis for the unity of the different movements in a Sonata? This is the question. W. S. B. MATHEWS.

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ANTON DVORAK.

(Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*.)

THE persons who attended the first Philharmonic Concert read in the programmes for the first time the name of Anton Dvorak, and, for the first time, heard a composition, "Slavische Rhapsodie für Orchester" (A-flat major, No. 3), by the Unknown aforesaid. Berlin, Breslau, and Pesth had preceded us in the performance of this composition; in most of the larger musical towns of Germany, and even in London, the work is to be found in the list of novelties for the season. Then the composer has achieved a position very rapidly? All at once, and yet very slowly. He had to go through bitter years of privation and heap up piles of compositions, ere fortune smiled on him, and he was lucky enough to become known and appreciated. Dvorak was born in 1841, in a Bohemian village, near Kralup, on the Moldau. All the week he had to help his father in the latter's trade, but was allowed to play on Sundays in church, and at dances. When he was a youth of eighteen, the yearning for more thorough instruction in music impelled him irresistibly to Prague, where that excellent musician, Director Pietsch, received him into the organ school. Dvorak at first earned the means of subsistence as a member of the band at the Bohemian Theatre, and subsequently as organist in several of the churches of Prague, with a brilliant annual salary of thirty, then sixty, and finally one hundred and twenty florins. Amid incessant cares and privations, he composed with uninterrupted and fiery zeal a large number of choruses, and wrote things for the chamber and the orchestra, including even to Czeckish operas at the Landestheater, without any amelioration of his wretched circumstances.

The happy notion then struck him of applying to the Minister of Instruction in Vienna for an "artist's stipend." These stipends are granted annually by the state to assist "young and talented artists without means." Most of them are with perfect justice awarded to painters and sculptors, the last part of whose professional education necessitates as a rule expensive travels for the purpose of study. Such exhibitions cannot possibly foster to an equal extent the native talent for composition; still even in this respect they have not failed to bring forth good fruit. It is true that in many instances talent does not realize all it at first seemed to promise. Nay, a number of talented persons apply who do not even promise anything. Among the petitions which, bending beneath the weight of scores, are annually forwarded to the Minister for a stipend, the largest number usually come from composers who, of the three indispensable qualifications — youth, want of means, and talent — possess only the first two and waive all claim to the third. It was then a very agreeable surprise when one day Anton Dvorak, a petitioner from Prague, sent in proofs of an intensive talent for composition, though it was a talent still in fermentation. We recollect, for instance, a symphony pretty wild and untrammelled, but, at the same time, so full of talent, that Herbeck, then a member of our committee, interested himself warmly for it. After that Dvorak received every year his artist's stipend, which

freed him from his most oppressive musical forced drudgery. And in this position it seemed that matters were unfortunately destined to remain. Although such material assistance afforded by the state undoubtedly carries within it moral assistance as well, Dvorak remained in his native land without an appointment and without a publisher.

It was not till Brahms had been summoned by Herr Stremayr, the Minister, to replace Herbeck on the committee, that the recognition of Dvorak's talent took the necessary practical turn. Brahms, who by deed as well as by words aids every serious effort of pronounced talent, — himself remaining unobserved and silent as Schumann once used to do, — obtained a publisher for Dvorak, whose modesty amounted to timidity. Dvorak's "Slavische Tänze" and "Klänge aus Mähren" were now published by Simrock. The merit of being the first publicly to recognize the unknown composer belongs to L. Ehlert, who praises the above compositions with kindly eloquence in the *Berliner National-Zeitung*. "Here," says Ehlert, "is at last another instance of genuine talent, and moreover of genuinely natural talent. I consider 'Die Slavischen Tänze' a work which will go round the world. Heavenly naturalness flows through this music, and is the reason of its great popularity. There is no trace of aught artificial or labored. We have to do with something thoroughly artistic, and not with a pasticcio, made up at hazard of national reminiscences. As is always the case with broadly constituted talent, humor has a very large share in Dvorak's music. Dvorak writes such merry and original basses that they cause the heart of a real musician to leap again with joy. The duets, too, on some exceedingly pretty Moravian folk-songs, are of exhilarating freshness." So favorable was the opinion of one of our most eminent critics, though he was not acquainted with Dvorak's more important works for the orchestra and the chamber. Herr Taubert, Royal Prussian *Capellmeister*, had Dvorak's third "Rhapsodie" recently performed at one of the Symphony-Soirées of the Royal Chapel, an unusual mark of distinction, considering the classical and conservative character of the above concerts. Immediately afterwards, and likewise in Berlin, Joseph Joachim played Dvorak's Stringed Sextet. Thus they are thoroughly *German* authorities who have drawn Dvorak from his native obscurity and greeted him as a man of unusual talent. We emphasize this fact, because it refutes the ridiculous suspicion that Dvorak's reputation is the work of the National-Czeckish party. His fellow-countrymen in Prague naturally patronized in their way the composer of Czeckish operas, but "bei all ihrem Protegiren hätt' er können" . . . ("despite all their patronage, he might," etc.). See Heine's Poems.

There has really been no propaganda at work on the part of Prague for Dvorak, and even had such a thing been attempted, how far does Czeckish pleading penetrate in the world of art? The national antipathy and political opposition, evident in certain Viennese opinions of Dvorak's "Rhapsodie," would here be without justification, even were such considerations ever allowable in matters of

pure art. If any opposition was contemplated by the public and the critics against the art-descent of Dvorak's work, it has really affected not Prague — but Berlin. The "Rhapsodie" was received respectfully but not warmly. After the impression produced at the grand rehearsal, we expected it would have made a more lively impression. With its fresh, easy, flowing style, it has something about it which carries one away. By its national character and sensual charm, and also by the easy breadth of its form, which is somewhat diffusive and not stiffly put together, it reminds the hearer of Schubert. The very beginning preludes in an extremely happy fashion an *andante* motive first given by the harp alone, and then strengthened most pleasingly by the wind instruments, a motive which is reflective, not sorrowful; only breathing a little touch of sadness. When we have the same motive rhythmically abridged as an Allegro in three-four time, the effect is marvelous. Then onward it sweeps in a whirl of joyousness. He who could write the first fourteen bars of this score must be called a man of extraordinary talent, genuine and sound. The themes of the "Slavische Rhapsodie" are no national melodies, but free inventions of the composer. As its name implies, the "Rhapsodie" has not the set form of a Sonata or an Overture; it is in one movement, but many parts. It cannot be charged with being too mixed; the whole of it is carried out with two motives, which undergo all kinds of transformations effected with contrapuntal cleverness. It must, on the other hand, be regarded as a mistake that the composer does not know how to end at the right moment, but, after several preliminary starts, suddenly comes to a full stop or turns back again. Despite its length, the "Rhapsodie" does not weary for a moment; the mere charm of the instrumentation would not allow it to do so. Dvorak's orchestral effects, moreover, by no means belong to the artificial flowers sown at will on a piece of tapestry; they are natural blossoms, or rather something flowering brightly forth from out the musical germ, and not to be thought of apart from it. Everything in the work denotes an extraordinary feeling for genuine orchestral effect. EDUARD HANSLICK.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF HANDEL.

PART 27. CHAMBER MUSIC.¹

THE great edition of the works of Handel is now approaching completion. Sixty-four parts have already appeared, including the large majority of the oratorios, the whole of the miscellaneous sacred music, most of the secular cantatas, twenty-four of the operas, and the greater part of the instrumental works; and it is, we believe, confidently expected that the entire works of the composer will be published by the year 1885 — the bi-centenary of his birth. The present edition differs from all that have preceded it, not only in containing a large number of works which have not been previously published, but in giving many which have already appeared in a far more complete form than that to be found in earlier editions. As instances may be named the score of *Israel in Egypt* with the composer's original trombone parts, that of *Saul* with Handel's complete indications of the organ part, the warlike

¹ Printed for the German Handel Society, Leipzig.

Symphony in the second part of *Joshua*, and the final Choruses to the second and third parts of *Belshazzar*, all of which were new to musicians. The volume now before us presents some very interesting pieces now published for the first time.

It cannot, of course, be maintained that Handel's instrumental music will at all stand on the same level with his great oratorios. In the very nature of things this is impossible. The development of the modern orchestra, and of the form of the Sonata and Symphony by Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, has caused the older forms to become almost, if not altogether, obsolete. When Handel wrote, the Symphony, as we now know it, had no existence; the Suite was its predecessor and its then representative; and most of Handel's instrumental works, whether entitled Sonatas, Trios, or Concertos, bear more or less relation to the Suites. In these days the Suite is no longer employed as a vehicle for musical thought, unless the composer wishes to write in the antique style. The interest, therefore, which is awakened by such music as this of Handel's is to a considerable extent, though by no means entirely, historical, not to say antiquarian.

The present volume contains the whole of Handel's chamber music which has come down to us. We first find fifteen solo Sonatas for flute, oboe, or violin, with a figured bass for the harpsichord. These in modern nomenclature would probably be called duets, as the harpsichord, though it only has the accompaniment, is of considerable importance in all the pieces; but Dr. Chrysander in his preface mentions a curious anomaly, namely, that while a composition for two violins and a figured bass was called a Trio, one for a single violin with a figured bass was called not a Duo but a Solo. It should be added that both works would also be entitled "Sonatas," — at that time a vague name as regards form, and applied to almost any extended piece of instrumental music other than a Suite.

The first works in this volume are fifteen Sonatas or Solos, of which six are for violin, seven for flute, and two for oboe, with an accompaniment for harpsichord. That the latter instrument was *obligato* is proved not only by the figured bass, but also by the fact that in some cases (for example in No. 5) passages are found for the harpsichord alone. With the exception of the Sonata in A, No. 3, which has been often played by Herr Joachim, Mr. Henry Holmes, and other violinists, this series of solos is almost entirely unknown. According to his usual custom, Handel has borrowed from himself, and arranged various movements from other works. Thus, the finale of the second Sonata is founded on that of the third Organ Concerto, while No. 11 is merely an arrangement as a solo for flute of the fifth Organ Concerto. In No. 13 (now printed for the first time), we find a very interesting movement founded on the subjects afterwards used for the Fugue in "From the censer" (*Solomon*).

The six Sonatas for two oboes and bass which come next in the volume have a special musical interest, as being beyond a doubt the earliest known works of Handel. They were written about 1696, when the composer was eleven years of age, and are now printed for the first time from a manuscript copy in the library of Buckingham Palace. Their interest is mainly historical; they are antiquated in style, but the contrapuntal skill shown in them proves that Handel as a boy was in precocity of genius but little behind Mozart.

The two sets of Trios (Ops. 2 and 5) which complete the present collection had been for the most part previously published by Walsh, and they are also included in Arnold's edition of Han-

del, though they are here supplemented by some numbers not before printed. To a large extent they are compilations from other works, and were probably written rather to meet the requirements of publishers than from any desire of production on the part of the composer. Thus in Op. 2 No. 4 contains the greater part of the Overture to *Esther*, with the first movement of the second Organ Concerto for a finale; while in Op. 5 we find in No. 1 the Overture to the *Chandos Anthem*, "I will magnify Thee;" in No. 2 the Overture to the "Jubilate;" in No. 4 that to *Athalia*; in No. 5 the Fugue in E minor from the first set of "Suites de Pièces," with some slight alterations, and transposed into G minor; while in No. 7 the Fugue is taken from the Overture to the *Chandos Anthem*, "O sing unto the Lord a new song," and the final minuet from the air "Lascia la Spina," in the second version of *Il Trionfo del Tempo*. In most of these Sonatas short movements, such as Bourrées, Gavottes, etc., are added to complete the work; but a large portion of the matter contained in them is, as has been said, put together from other sources. — *Lond. Mus. Times*.

THE CONSERVATOIRE OF PARIS AND ITS CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

(From Correspondence of the Chicago Tribune, Feb. 19, 1879.)

THE Conservatoire and its concerts are both interesting subjects, though not equally so. The concerts are probably the most perfect in the world, not excepting even those of Leipzig, Vienna, or London, each of which has claimed a similar honor. The Conservatoire, however, cannot justly be ranked so high. It is a useful institution, and does a good deal for the musical and dramatic arts in France; but there are schools in Italy, Germany, and Belgium, superior and more famous. In addition to numerous class and lecture rooms devoted to the teaching of various branches of the sister arts, the Conservatoire boasts a small, well-composed musical library, a fine museum of musical instruments (too seldom visited), and a tiny theatre or concert-room (for it serves both purposes), of which I shall speak more particularly. The library is at present in the charge of that erudite and singular composer, M. Wekerlin, — a bibliophile of the old sort, and the author of many charming works, literary as well as musical. Most of the manuscripts stored away on the shelves of the library are Prix-de-Rome compositions. I was first introduced to the secluded attractions of the Conservatoire library by M. Chouquet, the benevolent and learned custodian of the museum, who has managed, with the niggardly pecuniary assistance of the state, to accumulate in one small gallery the most complete collection of musical instruments with which I am acquainted. Amongst them are the pianos on which Auber, Herold, and Meyerbeer composed so many immortal works. Auber's is fitted up with an inkstand let in the wooden frame beside the keyboard, and the ivory keys still bear inky traces of the master's inspirations. Farther on is a guitar, once the property of Paganini, by whom it was presented to Hector Berlioz. The autographs of both are inscribed upon the face of the instrument. Paganini's signature is half effaced; that of Berlioz is clear, neat, and legible as his notation. A harpsichord close by is credited with having accompanied Beethoven on his travels, but M. Chouquet does not vouch for the truth of the story. Under a glass case in the centre of the gallery are several exquisite violins of Stradivarius and other famous makers. One of the elaborately painted and gilded harps, standing near a gigantic octochord at the end of the room, had been often touched by the Royal

fingers of poor Marie Antoinette before it passed into the hands of M. Chouquet. The octochord itself merits inspection, as do the rare old harpsichords, spinets, serpents, and other obsolete instruments with which the museum is crowded, — an orderly crowding, mind you, for the custodian of all these treasures watches over them with almost paternal fondness. Wo betide the profane visitor who dares to disarrange a single clarinet, or to scratch a particle of paint off the invaluable Roecckels!

The head and Director of the Conservatoire is at present M. Ambroise Thomas, who succeeded to the post on the death of Auber. Auber in his turn had replaced Cherubini, — that rigid, formal old Italian, who hated, and was so well hated by, Berlioz. But M. Ambroise Thomas has no authority over the celebrated Société des Concerts, whose magnificent matinées have filled the theatres on Sundays for fifty-two seasons. The Société des Concerts is an independent association of artists, chiefly connected by professional ties with the Conservatoire, which is accustomed to give eighteen concerts every winter, between November and Easter-Sunday. On the evening of Easter-Sunday the season is closed by a sacred concert. Most of the members — four-score or thereabouts — of the band are men well on in years, and individually sufficiently educated and skilled in music to play solo if required. Long confraternity and the habit of playing together have welded the separate members into a harmonious whole such as could nowhere else be found. The most entire discipline at all times prevails. No one attempts to thrust himself more upon notice than his fellows; each is content to play his own part modestly and perfectly, and each considers himself amply rewarded if, by so doing, he contributes to the attainment of the desired effect. It is not surprising, then, that with such principles underlying its system the society has won so great a reputation.

The concerts are invariably vocal and instrumental, and, with rare exception, the programmes affect a sternly classical character.

Twice or thrice in a season room will be made for a new-comer (and all living composers are "new," in a sense, to the gray-beards of the Faubourg Poissonnière). On Sunday, for instance, Mr. Arthur Sullivan (whose "H. M. S. Pinafore" has been delighting you lately, I observe) was given a hearing. To correct the dash of profane lightness (!) added to the programme by the "In Memoriam" overture of the English composer, we had all Beethoven's music to the "Ruins of Athens," all Mendelssohn's "Italian Symphony," and Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus." From this you will get a fair notion of the entertainment usually supplied us. And right royal entertainment it is! A feast for kings.

Poor old George of Hanover and his daughter used to be assiduous attendants at the Conservatoire, and Queen Isabella may yet be met there. Apart from them and the Orleans princes, however, we have had few sprigs of royalty in France lately to enjoy these superb concerts. *En revanche*, we have had a liberal supply of presidents and ministers. Mme. Thiers occasionally patronized the Conservatoire; her husband less often, I believe. Marshal MacMahon belongs to the benighted class of men "who have no music in their souls," — a class justly considered suspicious by the poet. I remember seeing him listen to the "Eroica" symphony a few years ago. Imagine a martyr at the stake, a Hindoo fakir having knives thrust into him, or Job enduring the manifold misfortunes that came upon him! But if the marshal scorned the pleasure which soothes even the sav-

age breast, his wife did not. Her portly — not to say ungainly — figure was frequently seen in the presidential box, exactly opposite the centre of the orchestra, — the best place in the hall. Next to this are the boxes reserved for the Directors of the Conservatoire and for the ministers. M. Ambroise Thomas was in his place, as usual, last Sunday. Close to him sat M. Jules Ferry, the new Minister of Fine Arts; and in a corner, apart, I noticed M. Léon Say, brooding, as it seemed to me, over the denunciation of the treaties of commerce, rather than listening to the "Ruins of Athens."

Charles Gounod now and then puts in an appearance in the neighborhood of Mme. Massart, but I have not remarked him for a long while. Nor have I this year seen Victor Joncières, the composer of "La Reine Berthe," the unfortunate opera lately produced by M. Halanzier, — who was wont to share one of the two journalists' boxes with myself and others' worthier: M. Oscar Commettant, the critic of the *Siècle*; "Benedict" Jouvin, of the *Figaro*, and several besides.

As the little theatre of the Conservatoire can only accommodate about seven hundred or eight hundred people, and as all the seats are let to subscribers, the concerts are practically private. The outside public does get a stray place or two, but only when the regular subscribers do not use them. In fact, the Conservatoire is the most select and most fashionable place in Paris, — far more so than the Opera or the Elysée, to which any one who goes early enough is admitted.

The hall, or theatre, is a long, low, oblong room, rounded at both ends, and constructed chiefly of wood. The roof is slightly arched. In addition to a row of baignoires, there are two tiers of boxes and a small amphitheatre. The musicians are stationed partly on the stage and partly in front of it. At the extreme back are the trombones, the drums, and a couple of contrabasses. Then, less removed, come more contrabasses, violoncellos, the horns, trumpets, bassoons, and the other wood instruments. All these are arranged in straight rows on the stage. Just in front, in one long line, come the violas; and below these the first and second violins, forming two quadrant-shaped groups facing each other, to the right and left of the conductor. The choir, which numbers some seventy members, male and female, sits on benches in front of the violins, — the soprani and contralti facing the basses and tenors. All the men, instrumentalists or vocalists, wear evening dress. The ladies are clad in white. When the executants are all comfortably seated, there is not much room left for the audience, — on the ground floor, at least.

But, though we might wish for a little more space at the Conservatoire, we have not a single other objection to make. As a concert-room the theatre is unmatched. Whether it be that unwittingly the architects hit upon the ideal form of a concert-hall, or whether its virtues come from age, certain it is that it is acoustically perfect. When the orchestra, conducted by M. Deldevez or M. Lamoureux, attacks the opening bars of some immortal work, — a Mendelssohnian symphony, perchance, — making the aged frame of the theatre quiver with music like a well-seasoned Amati or Stradivarius, I would not change my fauteuil in the Conservatoire for an Academic chair. Mundane cares are shaken off for one delightful moment as the glorious strains, as gloriously rendered, fill the room; and the passage from the blissful region of harmony within to the workaday world without shocks you like a rude waking from a dream.

HARRY MELTZER.

A WAGNERIAN APPEAL.

[The *Musical Review* (New York) prints the following translation of a letter from Herr Hans von Wolzogen, one of Wagner's most fanatical admirers, to Mr. B. J. Lang, of Boston, Mass.]

BAYREUTH, October 2, 1879.

MOST HONORED SIR:

On Herr Wilhelm's sending us recently some accounts of the enormous progress [?] of Wagnerianism in America, Meister Wagner called to mind gratefully the numerous proofs of personal good-will which had come to him from thence in times past, and remembered with pleasure, among other things, the visit you once paid him in Switzerland. This has induced us to apply to you, at a period of great importance to the labor of the master's life, for kindly help in furthering this work through the American interest that has already been won to his cause.

You know that, after the imposing performances of the first festival at Bayreuth, in 1876, he succeeded in combining the various associations, which had hitherto worked only sporadically in Wagner's cause, into one general "Bayreuth Patrons' Union." The object of this body was gradually to unite together, through its representatives in Germany and abroad, all near and distant friends of the master's art and theories into a stout and enduring association. This association was to take upon itself to procure the necessary means for the master, that he might successfully develop a single, ephemeral festival into an institution, the founding of which has been the sole object of his whole life, the institution, namely, of permanently assured repetitions of those splendid examples of the purest style of artistic performance; thus rendering possible the periodical assembling together of the best artistic forces in Germany. These aesthetic experiences, repeated at regular intervals in Bayreuth, and based upon careful rehearsals under Wagner's incomparably genial leadership, might become a sort of living school of aesthetic culture, and a classical tradition for the noblest form of art.

As we have, unluckily, no tradition to fall back upon for the performance of the works of our immortal classic masters in a genuinely pure style, and as this lack can be made good to us only by the peculiar talent of a creative artist like Wagner, so would Wagner's own works be exposed, in turn, to a treatment utterly wanting in true style, after the master's death, unless the opportunity were offered him betimes to realize that which could not be obtained permanently through merely isolated cases, namely, the classical tradition of performance, by means of the regularly recurring formation of a considerable artistic body, meeting periodically for the purpose of practice and performance.

These periodical meetings would, furthermore, serve to monumentalize, beyond his life-time, Wagner's genial talent of performing in a pure style the works of our older masters, especially of our great symphonists, as an infallible tradition for the future. If this incomparable talent is not to be lost to art, the time must be very zealously utilized, considering the master's age, that the institution may be set on foot as soon as possible, and may have a profitable duration; for without the assurance of it, he himself could not make up his mind to waste his strength upon a merely isolated repetition of a festival, without the guaranty of further results.

He had promised the members of his "Patrons' Union" that his latest great work, *Parsifal*, should open the series of these periodical festivals, if enough interest were shown in the matter to enable him to begin with it, in 1880. This expectation has proved delusive; in the first place, because the rate of subscription to the

necessary fund had been fixed at a very low figure, out of regard for the small means of a large number of German artists, so that now a list of members, which has in two years reached the number of 1,700, has not been able to raise 100,000 marks (about \$25,000); and, in the next place, because our exertions to procure larger subscribers, in which we thought ourselves justified in again appealing only to German friends of art, met with scarcely any notice.

If we wish to make the beginning of the enterprise possible as early as 1881, we must now look to renewed agitation, to enable us at least to quadruple our small fund next year. In such case, an assured series of four great festivals could be guaranteed to take place in the course of the next ten years.

On these conditions alone would Wagner be ready to apply his energies to beginning the series with the performance of *Parsifal*. The three ensuing festivals, occurring every third year (1884, 1887, 1890), would consist of ideal performances of Wagner's other works, each one being repeated several times. With these would be combined rehearsals and performances of classical symphonic compositions, by the musicians collected in Bayreuth, under Wagner's leadership.

Should our Union come into possession of still larger means in the course of these ten years, then not only could the festival-plays be repeated oftener, but the symphony concerts could be given as especial performances in the intervening years; which would immensely increase the efficiency and influence of the institution.

Only such persons as shall have rendered these artistic experiences possible by their material aid are to take part in enjoying them; that is to say, only the members of the Patrons' Union; and then, according to the measure of their subscriptions. They will have the more extended rights, in the ratio that the larger amount of early subscriptions will procure for all participants the possibility of proportionately richer and more frequent artistic enjoyment.

At the beginning of this new agitation, we turn our eyes all the more to foreign countries, since our own native land has only proved hitherto that it does not possess the means to furnish the needed material aid to the ideal cause.

It is for our advantage, above all things, to win to ourselves the coöperation of single, active friends in various countries, who would be willing to exert themselves to enlist those of their fellow-countrymen who are already adherents of Wagner's art, and to collect their subscriptions to our fund. The manner of such collection must be determined by them, according to the existing conditions in their various countries; we can give only general directions. For the agitation of the matter in America, which, as we hear, favors the master so energetically, we know no friend of the cause in whom we could place greater confidence than yourself. We therefore hereby ask your coöperation.

That you may know something definite about our plans and aspirations, I send the following condensed announcement, which might, perhaps, be brought to the knowledge of your fellow-countrymen in the form of an advertisement in American newspapers, so that the affair may be made known as generally as possible at the outset.

"Richard Wagner is prepared to institute periodical repetitions of the great festivals in Bayreuth, by the most artistic forces in Germany, under his personal supervision.

"I order that such festivals may be given at least every third year, beginning with 1881: the Bayreuth Patrons' Union, which was founded for the purpose, is still in need of the sum of \$100,000 which must be raised by that time.

"This sum is to be raised by large subscriptions during the year 1880.

"Only subscribers will obtain admission to the festivals.

"The following conditions apply to American subscribers:—

"1. Every subscriber of \$100 obtains admission to eight separate performances of the festival-stage-plays in Bayreuth.

"2. The choice of performances is at the subscriber's option.

"3. Every repetition of the same play is to be accounted as the same performance.

"4. Whoever does not desire to visit a performance in person, can transfer his right to another person, after having the transfer indorsed by the board of directors of the Bayreuth Patrons' Union.

"5. Whoever wishes to visit only three performances of the next (first) festival-play in Bayreuth, but does not purpose attending the subsequent festivals, has to pay only \$25, but has no right to transfer.

"The next (first) festival-play in Bayreuth will be *Parsifal*, by Richard Wagner.

"The performances of *Parsifal* will be followed in the ensuing festivals-years (1884, 1887, 1890), by the other works of Wagner; several being given at the same festival, as far as possible, and each work repeated several times."

Upon the appearance of this advertisement, a central committee would probably have to be formed, to receive and answer applications. Its address should be given at the end of the advertisement. It should announce itself to be in readiness to receive subscriptions, and strenuously urge that the same be paid by December 1, 1880, at the latest.

The festivals during the next ten years will most probably be arranged as follows, if we get the necessary money by 1881:—

1881. *Parsifal* (given 4 times).

1884. *Tristan und Isolde*,
 Die Meistersinger. } (3 times each.)

1887. *Der Fliegende Holländer*,
 Tannhäuser,
 Lohengrin. } (3 times each.)

1890. *Das Rheingold*,
 Die Walküre,
 Siegfried,
 Götterdämmerung. } (3 times each.)

In addition to these will be given, as the master sees fit, and according to the state of the treasury, either in the intervening years or during the festivals themselves, rehearsals and performances of symphonies, with entrance free to subscribers to the festivals.

The prices will be:—

For eight performances, or four performances and two repetitions of each, \$100.

For the first three performances (*Parsifal*, and two repetitions of the same), \$25.00.

For all the performances and repetitions (thirty-one in number), \$400.00.

If this condensed statement is made very widely known in America, either through the press, or by other similar means, there can be no doubt but that you will procure for us very efficient aid from your country, and will materially help the master toward the realization of the labor of his life!

If you cannot devote yourself personally to this agitation, you doubtless know well disposed individuals who would undertake the office.

Although I am now on the 14th page of this letter, I have yet spoken very briefly, and have been able to touch upon many important points only cursorily. Yet I hope that you can picture the state of affairs with sufficient clearness. We must have the money in a year and a half. Then, and only then, will the master offer to all

participants the work of his life. America is enthusiastic for his art, and able to give something for it; ten times more than his own native country. Let it be the task of his friends there to get as many subscribers, and as soon as possible. Let this task be confided to you, most honored Sir! Do what you can for the noblest cause of art. The article in the *North American Review*, "The Work and Mission of My Life," by R. Wagner, may be of ideal aid to you in the agitation. If musical aid is needed, our New York representative, Damrosch, and, we think, Thomas, will be the right men for the purpose. Damrosch seems not to be prepared to carry out the great pecuniary agitation. As, in this our new departure, Herr Schön, our representative in Worms, who alone has already raised 10,000 marks (about \$2,500), has been appointed leader of the agitation in Germany, so be our honored Boston representative appointed leader of the agitation in America. The master himself, recalling your visit to him, has acceded to this determination.

You may be as sure of his heartiest and richest thanks and of the gratitude of all of us for your coöperation, as of your own satisfaction in the splendid fruits which will spring mainly from your endeavors in the highest cause of art.

In hopeful anticipation of these fruits, I call out to you: "To our meeting at *Parsifal*!" the motto of our community, and give you the best greetings from Wahnfried, remaining with the deepest respect,

Your most devoted,

HANS PAUL, FREIHERR VON WOLZOGEN.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1880.

THIS New Year's number of our JOURNAL has to ask indulgence for many short-comings. Half of the matter prepared for the number perished in the great fire of Sunday night, which in three hours reduced the noble building containing the offices of our publishers to bare empty walls. Fortunately the Riverside Press was at a safe distance from the flames, and it was possible at the eleventh hour to begin anew, and bring the paper out within a day or two of the usual date, though in great haste, involving the postponement of several little plans for its improvement.

HONOR SAVED.—Looking at the beautiful front wall (all that is left standing) of the Cathedral Block, on the day after the fire, our attention was caught by the sign of our publishers over the door. Smoke and flame had obliterated all the letters but the five composing the word HONOR, thus:—

HONORATION, OSBORN & CO.

THE ORCHESTRAL QUESTION IN THE VOCAL CLUBS.

THE amateur singing clubs and societies, whose concerts are becoming year by year a more and more important feature of our musical season, began with the social practice of part-songs, mostly for male voices. By slow degrees, some of them enlarged their programme by grappling occasionally with some musical task of greater magnitude, more worthy of the splendid assemblages of voices and of talents which they had brought to bear on such a monotonous succession of small forms. Noble choruses

from *Antigone* and *Edipus*, parts of a Cherubini *Requiem*, etc., began to reward their pains, delight their audiences, and inspire the singers with a loftier aim. That was one step gained. The next was to take up entire works of large and noble character, like Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis-Night*, etc., and present them with a mere piano-forte accompaniment. The third step, equally important,—nay, logically and necessarily involved in the last,—was much harder to accomplish. Slowly, timidly, and tentatively did any club brace itself up to the bold venture of giving one of these great works in its completeness, as the composer intended that it should be given,—with a full orchestral accompaniment.

One serious obstacle was the expense. An orchestra is a costly luxury. But, on the other hand, these clubs, resting on the annual assessments of their hundreds of "associate members," soon found their treasuries equal to an occasional indulgence of this sort. If it costs \$500 more to give the *Midsummer Night's Dream* properly,—that is, with orchestra,—and if the club has in its treasury \$500 which it can well spare, how can there be any question of the true course to take? You wish to do the work? Then do it whole, and do it well; do it as Mendelssohn meant it; show that you are in earnest about it; all which is only possible through the coöperation of the orchestra.

But there are greater obstacles, as yet only partially, and not in all cases quite believably and heartily, overcome. These reside not in the money question, not in any mere externals, but in the state of mind, the various degrees of musical taste and culture, the lack of musical knowledge, judgment, and experience of the individuals who compose the choir. There are prejudices, partialities, clingings to a narrow and a simple, easy field, fears of venturing into too deep waters, jealousy of any overshadowing influence of instrumental over purely vocal sounds, apprehensions lest our fine voices may not be well enough heard, or lest we (the singers) may not hear them well enough ourselves, and many more such reasons. Of course, any singing club or circle has a perfect right to limit itself to any sphere, however narrow, it may please. Only, once on the upward path of higher aspiration and of grander work, it must inevitably press on and make thorough work of it, or fail and sink into insignificance. We think these clubs have reached a point in this matter where they must either go forward or fall back. They have themselves, by their few experiments in this direction, opened a vista of progressive high attainment, which they cannot now shut off and think to preserve any freshness of interest, or keep any sure hold on the sympathies either of the general musical public, or of their associate members who supply the sinews of their tuneful war.

The arguments for this belief are simply these:—

(1.) Wherever a club has tried it, has performed a noble work with orchestra, the experiment has been crowned with success, and has wrought conviction both in the outside listeners, and, what is more important, in many a doubting member of the singing club itself. There was no resisting such a test as one presented by one of the clubs a year or two ago, when Gade's *Crusaders* was once sung with orchestra, and a week afterwards repeated with only voices and piano-forte. The repetition actually fell flat; if it was not *Hamlet* with the rôle of *Hamlet* left out, it was at least *Hamlet* without scene, atmosphere, or background; musically, hardly the shadow, or a half suggestion, of the thing. Since that experience singing societies have been con-

siderably less shy of the orchestra, and have even discovered that they could afford to employ it now and then.

(2) With each advance in musical experience, it becomes more apparent to the most ordinary intelligence that, in works of this kind, the orchestration is not a mere *ad libitum* accompaniment, but an integral, essential element in the complete and complex whole. It cannot be set aside without vital harm to the whole spirit and intention of the work. It is a gross injustice to the composer to divest his composition of all means of expression save the single one of voices. More than that: not only is the orchestra an added means of expression, a great element of beauty, but in many such works it is so implicated in the whole structure of the work, so woven into its very texture, that its particular threads cannot be raveled out and leave the vocal web in an ideal sense complete. In a *capella* music, Palestrina and the like, the voice parts do make a complete whole in themselves; but it is far different in works composed for orchestra and voices, polyphonically interwoven, as in all the great vocal works of Bach and Handel, and in the oratorios, psalms, and secular cantatas of the modern masters.

(3.) The singers' fear of having their precious voices overshadowed by the instruments behind them is one that is sure of cure by habit. It is a necessity, and therefore they will soon accustom themselves to the strange element, so that they can "hear themselves" both "think" and sing in spite of all the double basses and the brass. To draw out from the tone-web these essential threads, leaving only those that are represented by the human voice, is no way to improve effect or get relief in the dilemma. As well might the Tenor, in a four-part song, request the Alto to be mute lest he should not be clearly heard!

But we may well take courage in this matter, since the fine examples of complete performance which the Cecilia and the Apollo Club have given us. And now we are glad to learn that the Boylston Club, to which we are indebted for so many fine productions of works of Palestrina, Bach, Astorga, Cherubini, is resolved to follow suit, and, yielding to the eloquent appeal of its earnest conductor, Mr. Osgood, will bring out ere long the beautiful 137th Psalm, by Goetz, complete, with orchestra.

MUSICAL PREJUDICE.

"Prejudice . . . talks enormous nonsense, and would like, from the summit of its insolence, to assume the regency over every part of the art of music."

HECTOR BERLIOZ.

THERE exists, no doubt, a large amount of unenlightened prejudice in every musical community; it is unquestionably difficult to free our musical judgments, even our musical likings and dislikings, from the influence of certain preconceived notions about the art, or about this or that school of composers. Some skeptics even go so far as to hint that the musical opinions of by far the greater part, not only of our public, but of musicians themselves, are governed entirely by prejudice. Yet it seems to me that the power of sheer prejudice over music-lovers, in general, has been vastly overrated; at least that a large proportion of the prejudice that unquestionably exists among us is by no means so gratuitous and foolish as some persons would have us believe.

To leave musicians by profession out of the question for the present, and to speak only of the more or less cultivated music-lovers, whose active interest in the art prompts them to hold very decided opinions, let us consider, for a mo-

ment, the very various points of view from which they are instinctively impelled to regard music. I am not speaking of those persons who are mere musical voluptuaries, with whom music goes in at one ear and out at the other, but of those who are inclined to take the art seriously.

Setting aside that cultured understanding of the art of music which is but seldom to be looked for in amateurs, it may be said that one of the rarest things to find in the average music-lover is catholicity of taste. Almost every one looks for a certain something in music, and unless he finds just that something the music fails to appeal strongly to his feelings; if he does find it, on the other hand, his feelings are duly worked upon, and all other considerations appear to him as of secondary moment. So long as the particular something he looks for is palpably there, the music may have whatever other qualities it will, he likes it. What this something is varies according to the individual; but I think that it is, in most instances, rather a general, not always important, characteristic of the music than a special or particular one, as the average music-lover is ever more amenable to general impressions than to the value of especial points. Let me try to make this clear by some examples.

There is a certain quaintness of style (to the modern ear), a seemingly calm monotony of regularly recurring musical figures, a general absence of sensationalism, and a modesty of dynamic effect in a great portion of the music of the Bach-Handel period. The same qualities may be found, in less degree, in most of the music of Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and of the young Beethoven.

Archæophilus finds these characteristics just suited to his musical taste; he consequently is fond of the older music in general. The wonderful beauty of form, the admirable evolution of the composition from its primordial theme, the perfect order in the harmony, and the grace and heart-moving sentiment of the melody which are to be found in the *fine examples* of the music of these by-gone periods may, very possibly, not be felt by him in the least; it is only the prevailing atmosphere, so to speak, of the music that he delights in.

In the music of our own day there is an intensity and variety of dynamic effect, an unrestrained passionateness of expression, an abundance of yearning chromatic dissonances and of somewhat turgid harmony, which give an impression of vastness and infinite struggle, which is just what most moves the soul of Neodizemon. He is consequently in favor of the new musical lights. It may be a matter of total indifference to him whether the music be coherent or not, whether its passionate expression be at the expense of beauty, or consonant with beauty. Its general atmosphere is congenial to him.

It is not strange, then, that Archæophilus should abhor Wagner and Brahms, and that Neodizemon should yawn at Bach. You call both of them prejudiced, because the one may leave the hall to smoke a cigarette during the performance of "Siegfried's Death-March," or the other may indulge himself in unparliamentary language so soon as he sees a Bach fugue down on the programme. I say, not so! Both well know that they are not going to hear what they want. If I dislike the smell of tobacco smoke, I cannot be fairly called prejudiced because I object to sitting in a smoking-car.

The real trouble with Archæophilus and Neodizemon is that the predominant musical likings of both are a matter of sheer Dr. Fell. The one is just as far from truly appreciating Bach as the other is from appreciating Wagner. You can fool either of them most egregiously. Let the one hear a succession of rampant harmonies fully scored for the modern orchestra, and he

will swallow them unhesitatingly as grand music. The other will ride up to the seventh heaven of ecstasy on the wings of the dreariest and stupidest Pleyel variations, just as easily as he will on the divine pinions of Bach's E major fugue.

What both are after is mere manner, not matter; sheer external accidents of music, not "*das Genie, ich meine den Geist*."

I know I have taken very extreme cases, perhaps so extreme as to make shipwreck of the law. Yet it seems to me that a great deal of the indiscrimination with which the general musical judgment is afflicted is to be really attributed to this superficial way of looking at music, rather than to anything resembling unreasoning or unreasonable individual prejudice.

W. F. A.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.—The annual performance of the great Christmas Oratorio, *The Messiah*, crowded the Music Hall, as it always does, with a devoted and delighted audience. It was one of the best performances, upon the whole, within our recollection. Every number was full of life, and power, and beauty. The chorus ranks were very full and the grand choruses rolled out with majestic volume, prompt and clear and well sustained. The soloists, with some allowance in behalf of Mr. Fritsch, the tenor, whose voice was not quite equal to some portions of his task (though he sang intelligently and like an artist, especially well in "Thou shalt dash them"), were highly satisfactory. Miss Fanny Kellogg, always interesting, showed a great improvement; she has rid herself of that explosive way which used to mar the beauty of her singing; and her fine upper voice has gained in power and sweetness of tone, while her execution and her sustaining power seem to be steadily gaining. Miss Winant's most remarkable and beautiful contralto tones, into which she knows how to throw a great deal of honest, true expression, charmed the audience. And our great basso, Mr. M. W. Whitney, was in all his glory; never have we heard him when his voice seemed so pure and noble, and so great! One of his final sub-bass tones made one think of the traditions of Lablache. And he was equally in his finest mood, singing it all *con amore* and with vital power.

The effect of the performance was greatly enhanced by the large orchestra (twelve first violins, with Bernhard Listemann at their head); and this increase was fortunate, since the organ by some accident was disabled through a great part of the evening. Mr. Zerrahn conducted as if he knew his forces, felt his power, knew and felt the inspired Handelian work, and enjoyed every note of it.

CAMBRIDGE. The first of the University Concerts was given December 18, at the Sanders Theatre. Like the Harvard Symphony Concerts, the subscription list had filled up slowly, but at last reached the point where it was considered safe to venture to give them. After all, the beautiful theatre was less than half filled at this first concert. The following was the programme:—

Overture to Ruy Blas, in C Minor, Op. 95 . . . Mendelssohn.
Recitative and Aria, "Che farò senza Euridice," from Orpheus Gluck.

Miss Mathilde Phillips.
Symphony, No. 8, in F major, Op. 93 Beethoven.
Introduction to Lohengrin Wagner.
Recitative and Aria, "Ah! quel giorno," from
Semiramide Rossini.

Miss Mathilde Phillips.
Overture to Oberon, in E major Von Weber.

The orchestra was the Boston Philharmonic, under the leadership of Bernhard Listemann, enlarged for this series of concerts to forty members. Their playing was admirable, it is almost superfluous to say, or to speak again of the marked improvement arising from the more frequent rehearsals necessary for the performances at the three series of orchestral concerts of the present season.

The admirable sonority of the Sanders Theatre seemed to give additional strength and volume to their playing, which on this evening was of their best. The Symphony and both Overtures were admirably rendered. Justice compels us to add that the Introduction to "Lohengrin" alone received the honor of an encore. Miss Mathilde Phillips sang with great acceptance Gluck's aria, and in response to a demand for a repetition of the aria from *Semiramide* gave instead the familiar "Mandolinata."

MAX BRUCH'S "ODYSSEUS."—The performance of this remarkable work complete, with chorus, male and female solo voices, and orchestra, in the Music Hall, December 22, was a new feather in the cap of the Cecilia, and a notable event of our present musical season. It had been very thoroughly and critically rehearsed under Mr. B. J. Lang, and in all its length, with all its difficulties, it was in the main very satisfactorily done. It will take more than one hearing to make

it universally appreciated; but the voice, we think, of those best qualified to judge was one of warm approval and delight. The argument of the poem, based, of course, on Homer's "Odyssey," and conforming for the most part very closely to its order of events, was printed in our last, and was in the hands of all the audience. Surely it afforded texts for almost every theme with which music ever has to deal,—at least outside of the Christian Church. We can only offer a few slight notes upon each of its ten "Scenes," preceded by a rather lengthy orchestral introduction, which, although refined and subtly wrought, and full of quiet beauties, we found somewhat monotonous and not setting one on tiptoe with great expectation, like the introductions, say, of Beethoven.

I. *Odysseus on Calypso's Island.* The opening chorus of Calypso's nymphs is fresh and charming, clear and spring-like in its three-part harmony, while it is one of the few really melodious pieces in the work. The accompaniment is of a very upbubbling character and full of charm. The shadow that falls upon the lucid harmony, as the thoughts turn to where Odysseus "sits and mourns," sighing for far-off Ithaca, is skillfully managed with that rare power of modulation shown throughout the work. Then we have the hero's lament,—an extremely simple, almost rudimentary melody, or musing chant, within a small compass of tones, written for baritone. Although not in the best range of Mr. C. R. Adams's voice, he showed such intelligence, such finished art in its delivery, and such perfect enunciation of the words,—one of the qualities which he possesses in a rare perfection,—that it produced a true impression. A trumpet passage introduces Hermes, who fills his soul with glad presage, and he embarks with his companions, the orchestra keeping up a measured figure quite suggestive of the sound of oars.

II. The sound of oars is still continued, until "the bounds of the deep-flowing ocean are reached," and they go down into the nether world, or Hades. Here begins a series of appalling pictures. Weird, sombre, ghost-like chords and modulations are employed with inexhaustible resources and with marvelous imaginative power. Spirits from the "vast deep" greet them with wild, gruesome harmony. Odysseus offers solemn sacrifice, and the shades of the departed, lured by the smell of blood, sing a shuddering lament. Mournful choruses of children, of brides, of youths, prematurely cut off, follow with appropriate variety of expression and tone-color; then the shade of the old bard Telesias warns him to give a wide berth to the Syrens; and finally the shade of his mother reminds him of his faithful wife Penelope beset by suitors. Finally, the whole troop of spirits cry out with new intensity of horror, and all vanish one by one. Musically, all this is made palpable with masterly power, especially of instrumentation, until it is quite time for an entire change of scene and a return to cheerful daylight. "Fly! Fly!" and as they row away, the agonized wail in the orchestra with which the scene concludes is terribly impressive.

III. The Sirens. Their chorus, in a bright major key, is delightfully harmonious and seductive. No wonder Ulysses, bound to the mast, and hearing, pleads with all his might to the deaf ears of his sailors, to rest their oars and tarry. The alternating chorus of the men makes strong effect of contrast. The instrumentation abounds in happy figures and rich harmonies, far from commonplace. To this short scene succeeds—

IV. The Tempest at Sea. And here we have a powerful chorus descriptive of the storm, with terrible chromatic howling of the winds, surging of waves, and grand upheaval of the orchestral deep. All are engulfed except Odysseus, who is saved by gracious interposition of the Oceanides, and in a series of tuneful chorus strains is wafted to the shore, and with soft lullaby if sung to sleep.

V. Part Second transports us to Penelope. Her lament and prayer, for the safe return of husband and of son, constitute the whole scene, which is not long, albeit slightly monotonous. As for melody, this scene, as it may be called, shows the influence of the new German school. What of it is not recitative is something nearer to *recitativo cantabile* than to any clear, well-rounded, tuneful melody. It is not a melody which one carries away with him,—or which carries one away. Its interest lies in pathetic, noble declamation; a strong, intense expression of faithful love and yearning for the absent, and of high-souled patience. It gave good opportunity to the pure and sympathetic soprano voice, beautiful in its higher tones, to the cultivated method, the intelligent conception, and the native dramatic instinct of Miss Louie Homer.

—But here the hurry and confusion of the week compel us to stop for the present, and reserve the completion of the story until the next number.

[—Here the inexorable bars shut down on us, and we must omit numerous other concert reports, letters from New York and elsewhere, local intelligence, notices of new publications, etc., etc. Our readers will readily excuse, in consideration of the fire. Things will return to their normal order, we trust, before another issue.]

DRESDEN. — A new comic opera, in three acts, *Bianca*, by Ignaz Brüll, was performed, Nov. 26, with entire success. Mmes. Schuch and Rösler, and Messrs. Goetze, Degele, and Decarli assumed the principal rôles.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., DEC. 15, 1879. — The "Cecilia" opened its second season with its fifth concert on Tuesday evening, December 9, at the hall of the Amateur Dramatic Club. The artists were the New York Philharmonic Club and Miss Henrietta Beebe, of New York, soprano. The following excellent programme was presented to a select and appreciative audience:—

String Quartet in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1 . . . Schumann.
Songs (a), "The Dream" (b), "The Lark" . . . Rubinstein.
Aria, "Tell me, my Heart," . . . Bishop.
Solo, Violoncello. Three pieces . . . Widor.
1. Andante. 2. Moderato. 3. Vivace.
Song, "Where the Bee sucks" . . . Sullivan.
Quartet in G minor, Op. 27 . . . Grieg.

This programme was a great improvement upon those of previous concerts of this Society in point of length. The arrangement of the several parts was also, to our mind, a model one,—placing the two important works at the beginning and end, and relieving the mind by the lighter character of the intermediate selections.

The Schumann quartet, the first of the three only which he wrote, and all dedicated to his friend Mendelssohn, made a splendid opening to the feast. Its fine, brief introduction in A minor leads immediately to the Allegro, the theme of which is very bright and beautiful, thoroughly characteristic of its author, and exceedingly well worked up. After a development in which the themes pass through quite a variety of keys, the author recurs to the first theme in the second violin, while the first violin ascends to high F in a charming *pianissimo*, and the movement closes. The Scherzo reminds one somewhat of Mendelssohn, though this impression is perhaps stronger in the four-hand arrangement (excellently done by Mr. Otto Dresel) than in the original. The Intermezzo, which interrupts this movement near the middle, is in Schumann's best style, and its harmonies seem peculiarly his own. The Adagio is a genuine *Lied* of exceptional beauty, first sung by the first violin, afterwards by the cello, and finally returning to the first violin again. Schumann seems to have written it in one of his most inspired moments, and it is to us one of the most delightful movements that ever came from his pen. The Presto is strong, fiery, and brilliant. A strange but beautiful episode, slightly suggestive, perhaps, of the "Music of the Future," occurs near the close of this movement, the reason of which is not entirely clear. The passage is, however, effective, and the brief return to the original tempo brings the quartet to a splendid close. We can express a general satisfaction with the rendering. The quartet is not easy to play well. The only blemishes noticeable were a slight lack of tune and a little indistinctness in some of the running passages on the part of the cello. With these exceptions the performance was well-nigh perfect.

The songs were very finely rendered; those by Rubinstein especially so. The technical management of the voice, the phrasing and the general conception, were exceptionally good. Sullivan's "Where the Bee sucks" pleased us more than Bishop's "Tell me, my Heart;" but both were fine specimens of English song, a field which has been especially and deservedly cultivated by Miss Beebe. The artist showed a rare appreciation of unity in musical impressions by responding to an encore of the Rubinstein songs with Schubert's "Lark." The response to the encore of Sullivan's song was rather trifling in comparison. Mr. Bonner accompanied with his customary good taste and skill.

The cello solo was enjoyable, the pieces of Widor being of a quiet lyrical character. They were nicely rendered.

The Grieg quartet, which closed the concert, is a strange work. To speak of it with any degree of confidence or interest, one should have had the privilege of a long acquaintance with and study of it. It certainly cannot be understood or fairly judged on a first hearing, and this is true of any great work. That this is an exceptionally great work we do not claim; but that it is a work of real importance, the zeal and energy of the artists who rendered it so finely bear abundant testimony. We were told that the club had rehearsed it twice a week ever since last April. This fact will give any one at all familiar with music of this character an idea of the value and the immense difficulty of the work. The impressions left by it are various. It seems on a first hearing to be very fragmentary and incoherent, with now and then a touch of the grotesque. It is full of ideas. So rapidly do they come forward, and so revolutionary is their character, that you are confused and almost overwhelmed. In many places the ideas of the composer seem to have run away with him; he seems to have lost all control of himself; then, again, there are passages of exquisite melody, of surpassing beauty, and these are as suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by passages full of wild and unrestrained energy and force, and seemingly beyond the power of four instruments to express. It is the restless, unsatisfied spirit, seeking for expression of its thoughts and longings, of its struggles and aspirations.

Whatever may be said of it, time will test its worth; it certainly cannot and should not be judged from the classical standard. It belongs essentially to the modern school, and is itself *sui generis*. Of all the movements, the Romanza and Finale were perhaps the most beautiful and clear.

The playing was simply a marvel, both in the apparent ease with which the immense difficulties of the work were conquered, and in its conception and rendering as a whole.

The club show the results of their year's practice and richly deserve the success so carefully and patiently earned. The "Cecilia" of Providence, as well as the "Enterpe" of Boston, is doing a good work, and it is to be hoped that the labor expended will result in an increased study and a more frequent hearing of the many masterpieces of this class of music. Chamber music as a distinct branch stands almost by itself, and affords culture of a peculiar kind. A more generally diffused knowledge of its treasures is desirable, many of these ranking among the finest compositions of their respective composers. We hope that the work these societies are doing will commend itself to all musical people in other cities and towns, leading them to form similar organizations with similar aims, thus creating a greater demand for chamber music, and offering sufficient inducement to artists to give more extended study to this class of music. Nothing can be more profitable and enjoyable to the artists themselves, and no higher musical culture can elsewhere be found. A. G. L.

CHICAGO, DEC. 24. — On Tuesday evening, December 16, the Beethoven Society gave "The Lay of the Bell," by Max Bruch, before a very large audience in our new Music Hall. Miss Dutton, Mrs. O. K. Johnson, Mr. Knorr, and Mr. Morowski, were the soloists. There was a chorus of a hundred voices, and an orchestra of thirty men, the whole being under the direction of Herr Carl Wolfsohn, the conductor of the society. As this was the first performance of the work in this country, a little sketch of it may be of some interest. The work is written for chorus, solo voices, orchestra, and organ. It belongs to the advanced school of German music, and may be said to bear the direct influence of the Wagner idea of treatment. The melodic form is made subordinate to larger effects, in which an intricate instrumentation is a marked feature. The orchestral score indicates that its plan and development has been marked out by a master hand. There is a gradual unfolding of the musical idea, which reaches the full climax in the last number. The dramatic portions of the poem give the composer full scope for working out numbers that show intensity, and there are many parts that manifest a heroic mood of that extended character which calls to its aid varied instrumentalities to express its intent. Thus the orchestra, chorus, quartet of principals, and organ, are often called upon for their fullest powers. Of the twenty-seven numbers, ten introduce the chorus. The most important numbers are the "Fire Chorus, the 'Terzett,' 'Hallowed Order' chorus, 'The Duty of the Bell' for ensemble, and the grand finale. Perhaps there are too many recitatives in the work to hold the attention of an audience, unless they are intrusted to the most talented singers. It requires a large chorus, a very full orchestra, and solo talent of a high order, with large and telling voices, to insure its success. The solos are not strictly melodious, but the accompaniments are generally worked out in a manner that shows a consistent plan.

The first idea of the work seems to be its unity, and there is no undue prominence given to the solo parts, for all the numbers are made to serve as links in one large plan. As a composer, Max Bruch seems to look to large and characteristic effects, and in all his works he seems to attempt to picture the majestic in music. The plaintive tenderness that one finds in the music of a Mozart, or the refinement that Mendelssohn so delightfully expresses, are qualities foreign to any of the works that have been given here, from the composer of "The Lay of the Bell." He seems rather to aim at new possibilities, than to make the old forms bear again rich blossoms of melodic beauty. Modern composition seems to aim at reaching great heights of grandeur; but oftentimes there is a roughness about these gigantic effects and forms, almost as barbaric as the vast monuments of the Orient. The utterances of music should all be symbolical of the beautiful, in order for it to keep its honored place among the romantic arts; and, in this age, have a reason for its very forms of manifestation. There are too many slow movements in the work to make it interesting to a general audience, while the large number of recitatives seem to add a sombre effect that even a varied instrumentation cannot destroy. Thus there are portions of the composition that seem to drag, and the close attention of the listener is necessary in order to understand the unfolding of the musical idea.

To hold the attention of an audience, music must contain contrasts in movement as well as in idea; and it is a mistaken notion to write for the musician alone. In the enjoyment of music the senses, save that of hearing, are at rest, and as the mind is drawn into close communication with the inner reflection that the music awakens, it is evident that only a work filled with rich and correctly conceived contrasts, can give the listener great enjoyment. We all rebel if the sombre presses us into clouds of gloom, and long for the brightness to at least tint them with the rose-colors of change. Thus I felt as I listened to the performance of "The Lay of the Bell."

The society and the soloists did their work well, however, and did their best to bring the audience into sympathy with the work. Mrs. O. K. Johnson deserves particular mention for the fine delivery of her aria, and the expressive recitative, "Burnt and bare stands the homestead."

Miss Dutton has improved in her method since last season, and did some very effective work. The singing of Mr.

Knorr, too, was quite dramatic in its idea, and he lent the best powers of his voice to his trying part. The rôle of the master workman is very long and difficult, and while Mr. Morowski was not in his best voice, he endeavored to do his work faithfully. I have never heard the chorus so prompt, or so able to sustain the difficult parts as they are this season, and Mr. Wolfsohn deserves much praise for his effort in teaching them to sing understandingly. There are a number of other musical matters and entertainments that claim attention, but I must ask for indulgence, and pass them over to my next communication, for the pleasures of Christmas-tide induce me to make my note a short one. Yet I cannot close before wishing the *Journal* success for the New Year upon which it is about to enter, for it richly merits the confidence and support of every sincere friend to music. In the past it has been faithful to what is best in art, and ever eager to promote, with honest and thoughtful words, all true efforts made for the advancement of culture. It looked at art as too noble an instrumentality in progressive civilization, to be made to pander to what was only commonplace, but endeavored to advance public taste so that a love for the best music might be more general. It saw the beautiful in its highest forms, and tried to lift up general appreciation so that it might meet it. For its worthy endeavor it has the right to expect the support of all honest lovers of music. As a new year's greeting may it have many indications of the result of its earnest efforts, in numbers of subscriptions that signify that the musical public appreciates its labors for the advancement of the true in art.

C. H. B.

MUSIC ABROAD.

LONDON.—At her Majesty's Theatre, Weber's *Oberon* was revived with Mad. Pappenheim as Rezia. The *Musical World* says that *Oberon* is welcome alike in its normal English shape, in its German amended shape, and in its Italian abnormal shape, which Sir Julius Benedict, Weber's most distinguished pupil, has done so much to make acceptable, drawing materials from other works by the composer for the indispensable recitatives and occasional orchestral interludes, intruding nothing absolutely his own, for the sake of mere self-glorification, but accomplishing his task throughout in a style at once delicate, reserved, and masterly. *Oberon*, by the way, is only one among several works that by their lengthened vitality go far to upset the Utopian theory of Richard Wagner, who, in his usual emphatic manner, sends forth an edict that no opera must hope for permanent life except by reason of the drama to which the music is wedded,—insisting that the two are inseparable. Happily music, when really music, is in a less destitute condition; and where opera is concerned, instead of being the drama's mistress, is the drama's master, instead of the "Weib" to the "Mann," the Mann to the Weib—which makes all the difference. One hundred Wagners, in one hundred volumes, will never be able to persuade sane people that music is not an independent art, that measured rhythm is not one of the chief secrets of the charm it exercises, that what is called the "infinite melos" is not, in nine cases out of ten, an infinite bore, and that the absence of symmetrical form and the defiance of all relations of keys to each other are anything better than outrages against art, under no matter what manifestation. The music of *Oberon* has lived, lives, and will continue to live, being intrinsically beautiful, and no one can deny that in its connection with the libretto it is everywhere dramatically true. Weber can hardly with fairness be reproached because, in so far as construction and purely dramatic interest are concerned, he had a somewhat weak, and to those unacquainted with Wieland's poem, or the romance narrating the adventures of *Huon de Bordeaux*, one of the twelve "Paladins" of Charlemagne, from which Wieland derived his subject, in a great degree unintelligible libretto to deal with. Enough that his music has immortalized the drama, which without it would have been lifeless, notwithstanding the literary merit seldom absent from the writings of Mr. Planché.

Oberon was followed by *Il Flauto Magico* and *Carmen*, the title rôle of which was assumed by Mme. Marie Roze, and the extra season was announced to close with *Oberon* "for the benefit of Mme. Pappenheim," apropos to which the *World* says, "It is surely time that this comedy of 'benefits' was abandoned, inasmuch as no one now attaches any importance to them. In the olden time a benefit given under the name of any individual artist really meant a benefit to the account of that artist; but this custom has long passed away, and the expression has become no better than an empty phrase."

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—The concert room on Saturday in last week was fairly well filled despite the attractions of the frost-bound lake in the grounds of the Palace, although the healthy recreation of skating drew a great many more visitors than we are accustomed to see on half-crown Saturdays. The anticipation of seeing and hearing the great French composer, the representative of the modern French school, in the double character of conductor and pianist, had doubtless much to do with the good attendance on the occasion. Although the habitués of St. James's Hall have seen him and heard his performances, he was personally a stranger to the Crystal Palace audience, and hence the interest which attached to their first introduction to Mons. Camille Saint-

Saëns, who has established his name in the very front rank of composers, albeit of the modern school. The concert on Saturday was made the occasion of the first performance in England of M. Saint-Saëns's Concerto in E-flat for piano-forte and orchestra, the composer officiating at the solo instrument; and of the production of his *pône-symphonique* entitled "Le Rouet d'Omphale," the performance of which he conducted. Of the latter composition we may say at once that there is nothing in it especially requiring the composer's bâton. . . . The Concerto is more ambitious, and as a vehicle for display of mastery over enormous difficulties has few parallels. From the commencement of the introductory *moderato*, in which the piano maintains a series of rapid arpeggios in ornamentation of the opening phrase by the horns, to the last note, the solo instrument has little else than work which taxes the executant to the utmost. A long and brilliant *cadenza* is one of the features of this Concerto which requires a second hearing to enable one to pronounce a fair judgment on it. That there is a good deal of "sound and fury signifying nothing" in the work, we feel bound to say; and we question very much whether, had it been the composition of plain John Smith, the reception would have been so genuinely warm. It was, however, received with every demonstration of approval, and the composer was twice recalled.

THE LATE MR. BARKER.—Charles Spackman Barker, the well-known inventor of the pneumatic lever for lightening the touch of large organs, died on Wednesday the 26th ult., at Maidstone,—where he had been lately residing,—after a short illness, in his seventy-fourth year, and was buried at Snodland on the following Saturday.

Mr. Barker was born at Bath on the 10th October, 1806, and originally brought up to the medical profession, but, being present on the occasion of the erection of an organ by a London organ builder, he determined on following that occupation, and carried on business for some time in his native city. About the year 1832 he heard of the large organ building in London for York Minster, and, seeing the immense labor it would be to play on such a gigantic instrument if constructed in the ordinary way, turned his attention to the means of overcoming it. This he proposed to do by a pneumatic lever,—a small bellows inflated by air of a high pressure applied to every key,—thus reducing the resistance to a minimum; but, unfortunately, he did not succeed in getting it in this instance adopted. In 1841 he went to Paris, where a large organ for the Abbey of St. Denis was then building by Cavallé-Coll, who at once saw the importance of Mr. Barker's invention, secured his services, and immediately applied it to that instrument, and it has since been introduced in all the largest organs built both in this country and abroad. Mr. Barker, after his engagement with Cavallé-Coll terminated, took the direction of the business of Daubaine and Callinet, afterwards Ducroquet (now Merklin and Schutz), and exhibited an organ here at the International Exhibition of 1851. He carried on business for some time in Paris on his own account, and amongst other instruments built that in St. Augustine's Church, in which he introduced the electric action. When the Franco-Prussian war threatened the destruction of Paris, Mr. Barker returned to this country, where he has since resided. He married Mlle. Schmeltz of Paris, who survives him. About three years ago a committee of the principal organists and organ builders was formed for the purpose of raising a fund to provide an annuity for Mr. Barker in his declining years, and a considerable sum was subscribed, bearing testimony to the value of his invention and the respect in which he was held.

PARIS. The first part of "Les Troyens," by Hector Berlioz, called "The Taking of Troy," was brought out simultaneously at both the Colonne Concerts and the Padeloup Concerts. The first part of this work, only, was known in Paris, having been produced at the old Théâtre Lyrique of M. Carvalho. The *Menestrel* says that it cannot be called an opera in the true acception of the word, but rather it should be classed among the *oratorios de genre*. It seems to have been very favorably received in both concerts, even by enthusiastic acclamations, to which "M. le Président de la République," who was present, "politely contributed several bravos," from which it is inferred that the success of the *Damnation de Faust* is to be renewed, and that the music of Berlioz is now *à la mode*.

M. MAUREL, the well known baritone of Covent Garden, made his *début* here at the Opéra to-night, as Hamlet, before a large and attentive audience. A native of Marseilles, he first appeared in Paris ten years ago in the *Africaine*. He has since sung in Italy, and recently in London. He comes back here with a good reputation as regards voice and training, which reputation he has justified by successfully undertaking a part in which M. Faure has left such abiding recollections. M. Maurel was warmly applauded. — *Paris Correspondence of the Times*, Nov. 29.

A BRILLIANT audience assembled to night to welcome M. Maurel back to the Opéra. It was feared that jealousy of the successes this popular baritone had achieved in foreign countries would militate against the warmth of his reception here. In Hamlet, moreover, he had to struggle against the recollections of Faure, but his fine voice and excellent method obtained the sympathy of his audience in the very first scene. M. Maurel's performance was as remarkable from a histrionic as from a musical point of view. His

artistic style, for instance, gave all possible effect to the drinking song of the second act; his picturesque acting in the play scene, where it is reintroduced, was worthy of all praise. In fact, M. Maurel's success was unequivocal, and he will prove a valuable addition to the company of the Grand Opéra. — *Paris Correspondence of the Daily Telegraph*, Nov. 29.

A man has recently died in Paris who had his day of celebrity as the inventor of the *orgue expressif*, Louis Pierre Alexander Martin. The son of a common tinker of Soudon (Seine et Marne), young Martin received his first ideas of music from the curé of his village, by which he profited, to study the mechanism of the organ. Becoming a musician, he devoted his few hours of leisure to constructing a first instrument, of which he made alone all the parts with fragments of wood, scraps of tin, using even pieces of bone for the keys; but, such as it was, this organ obtained for its maker a bronze medal at the Exposition of 1841. Some years later, he invented the percussion organ, which won him a silver medal in 1844, and the cross of the Legion of Honor at the Exposition Universelle, in 1851. The invention has long since made its way in the world, while, as is often the case, the inventor alone has not profited by his idea. Martin, towards the close of his life, suffered reverses which he bore worthily, and died esteemed by all who knew him.

DR. EDUARD HANSLICK'S lectures or readings in the great hall of the Friends of Music at Pesth attracted large audiences and afforded the utmost satisfaction. The subject of the first lecture was "The Rise of Opera in Italy," that of the second, "The Beginnings of Opera in Germany and France." The literary part of the lecture was supplemented and completed by musical illustrative examples. In the second lecture Dr. Hanslick commenced with Lulli, on whose *Kadmos*, the first *bona fide* tragic opera, he spoke at considerable length. Having then played a prelude in D minor from *Alceste*, he touched shortly on Rameau and Gluck and proceeded at once to treat of Germany. He referred to the fact of Biblical subjects being preferred for librettos; to the first permanent opera in Hamburg; to Reinhard Kayser and Matheson; to opera in Berlin under Friedrich II.; to the North Germans, Hasse, Quantz, Graun, and lastly to Hiller, the founder of the German "Singspiel," or piece interspersed with songs. Herr David Nay, from the National Theatre, who had undertaken to act as vocal illustrator, sang twice the "Vulcan-Aria," from the opera, *Pomona*, 1707—sharp, strange to say, begins in D minor and ends in C-sharp, and one in F major from Hiller's *Lustiger Schuster*.

ROME.—A new theatre is now building between the Via Forenzi and Via Torino which will occupy a space of 4257 square metres. The architect is Domenico Costanzi. It will have several peculiar features. A vast subterranean hall will serve as restaurant and café; the dome crowning the auditorium will be so arranged as to make it possible to use the sunlight for illuminating the theatre for day representations. The parterre will accommodate 1500 spectators, and, by an ingenious device, the floor can be instantly raised to the level of the stage floor. The boxes are to seat 700 and other galleries 1200, so that the whole theatre will comfortably seat an audience of 3000 persons. The stage will contain a space of 1,000 square metres, making it possible to give to pieces a splendid *mise en scène*. In short, the *Teatro Nazionale* will be in all respects worthy of the capital of Italy.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.—German papers, in noticing the construction of the new theatre in this city, speak of a very remarkable feature in its construction, viz., a lofty *ventilation shaft*. This was very conspicuously absent from the old theatre, as from most German theatres, which for bad ventilation, or rather none at all, will carry away the palm from all theatres in the world. The Frankforters are to be congratulated on the hope held out to them of a breath of fresh air, and we trust that this architectural "ornament," as it is called, may be added to every theatre in Germany. This new theatre is near the Bockenheimer Gate.

AMSTERDAM.—A new Dictionary of Music in Dutch, edited by H. Viotta, has been recently published by Bümann & Roethan, of which nine numbers have already appeared.

HANOVER.—The proposition made to Ednard Lassen to succeed Hans v. Bülow as conductor of the orchestra and of the Symphony Concerts has been declined by him.

LEIPZIG.—At the seventh Gewandhaus Concert (Nov. 27) Emilie Gauret executed the Concerto Romantique, for violin, by Benjamin Goddard, and a ballade by Moszkowsky, with a scherzino of his own composition. He was warmly applauded.

VIENNA.—Boieldieu's *Jean de Paris* was given after an interval of twelve years. The music was found charming as ever, and the work was as successful as formerly, in spite of a somewhat defective rendering.

